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A

WORD OF ADVICE

To the Male-Contents.

20. Febr. 1702.

WHat Nation e'er can hope for Happineſs,
Where nouriſh'd *Factions* daily do increaſe?
Strength never was in *Humane Body* known,
Crowded with *Ills* almoſt malignant grown.
E'en ſo, when inward *Jars* oppreſs a *State*,
It feebly ſtoops to its approaching *Fate*:
For Bands of *Union* once being ta'en away,
The helpleſs *Body* ſoon becomes a *Prey*.

Wherefore deſiſt you *State-diſturbing* Brood;
For once, at leaſt, conſult your Country's *Good*,
And threatned *Evils* then may be withſtood.
Your Hearts with ſordid *Paſſions* are poſſeſt;
When *Danger* neareſt is, your *Care*'s the leaſt.
Fearful you would appear of Wrongs at home,
Yet *boldly* tread the *Path* to be undone.
If then from *Ruine* you would *Albion* free,
And curb her late *immoral Enemy*,
Unite forthwith, leſt too too late it be.

This do, and in your former Glory ſhine;
For if All-graſping *Lewis* then combine
Againſt the *State*, you'll fruſtrate his *Deſign*.

But

But if approaching *Danger* ſtill you chuſe
Hood-wink'd to meet, and ſo your ſelves abuſe,
Foes will prevail, the beſt of *Friends* forſake ye,
You then muſt be what *Hee'l* pleaſe to make ye.
Then muſt you quit your long-enjoy'd Command
O'er *Neptune*'s wat'ry Kingdom; nay, the *Land*,
Expos'd thereby much more than's now foreſeen,
Too late may ſhew how much to blame you've been.

If Thought of theſe *Misfortunes* can't perſwade,
I'll name another, Total *Loſs* of *Trade*:
Which *Darling-Jewel* being gone, perchance
You'll dwindle to a *Colony* of *France*.
The diſmal Conſequence whereof will be
Religion's Loſs, and that of *Liberty*.

Since then by inward *Jars* we do expoſe
Our Country's *Safety* to the worſt of *Foes*,
Reſume your wonted Zeal, and bravely ſhew
What *Albion*'s *re-united Sons* can do.

Bleſſings will then upon your Land attend;
For when each one to other is a Friend,
What *Foreign Pow'r* your *Quiet* can offend?

Febr. 16. 1700.

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